

LITERARY NOTES.

A quarter of a million copies of Mrs. Burnett's splendid story "Little Lord Fauntleroy" ought to be sold this season. There never was a sweater, better, more interesting story for young people than this one which runs through St. Nicholas and was then put in book form by the Scribners.

Admiral Porter has no reason to complain of the result of his literary labor. His novels and his collection of short stories have brought him, for the past year or two, a very good in column receiving, as he does, a royalty of 20 per cent on the retail price of all volumes sold. Besides this, he has had \$30,000 bonus for his naval history. He is just now in ill health, but contemplates writing a new book as soon as he is able to undertake active work again.

Book Chat is a bright, novel and original monthly, published in New York by Brentano Bros., designed to convey to persons who have not the time nor inclination to read long reviews of new books, a list of all new books, with a brief statement of their nature and contents, thus enabling any one in a few moments to possess full particulars of the literature of the month. Another special feature is a classified list under subject of the articles in the American, English, French, German, Spanish and Italian magazines and reviews; a list which will be found of incalculable value to persons interested in any special course of reading or studies. There are ten other bright departments. Mr. Jordan deserves much credit for the excellent manner in which the magazine is presented to the public.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish "Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. George Brandes, translated by Hon. R. B. Anderson, U. S. Minister to Denmark. The book is illustrated by portraits of Hans Christian Andersen, Paul Heyse, Esaias Tegnér, Henrik Ibsen, Paludan Müller, Björnsterne Björnson, John Stuart Mill, Ernest Renan, and Gustave Flaubert. Dr. Brandes has revised the proofsheets of the volume, and the work, which is published with his sanction, contains much of value respecting the leading authors of Europe and their works.

RETURNED.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town. From shore, rock and mountain today, But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out, And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.

A widow all alone in crepe

When she went to the mountains in May,

Wore a rose in her hair with a sombre air

When I saw her I knew she was the play.

Oh, yes, they are all back in town.

From shore, rock and mountain today,

But the hearts they have brought from these places are not.

The hearts which they carried away.

The bells of the shore are out,

And the ocean drive in the park.

As she walks I hear her I behold a hope lying dead in the dark.

Her soul rode by me and bowed—

She was fairer than ever, I thought.

For her beautiful face was aglow with the grace

Of a love which the summer has brought.

That bride who went forth in the spring

In a glory of joy and of light,

Tho' she plays will her part, I know that her heart

Wears now but the garment of night.</p